

Scena 3. Enter *Theseus*, *Hipolita*, *Emilia*, *Perithous*: and
some Attendants, *T. Tuske*: *Curtis*.

Emil. Ile no step further.

Per. Will you loose this fight?

Emil. I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly
Then this decision ev'ry; blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each streake laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A Bell, then blade: I will stay here,
It is enough my hearing shall be punished,
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye
With dread fights, it may shun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord
Your Sister will no further.

Thes. Oh she must.

She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,
Which sometime show well pencild. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife
Both seald with eye, and eare; you must be present,
You are the victours meede, the price, and garland
To crowne the Questions title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I werethere, I'd winke

Thes. You must be there;
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you
The onely star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct;
There is but envy in that light, which shoves
The one the other: darkenes which ever was
The dam of horreur, who do's stand accurst
Of many mortall Millions, may even now
By casting her blacke mantle over both
That neither could finde other, get her selfe
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off wherto she's guilty.

Hip. You must goe.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Thes.

Thes. W
Their valour
You are the
To give the
Emil. Sir
The tytle of
Out of it self
Thes. W
Those that re
To any of th
Hip. Fare
I am like to
By some sma
Doe of the t
Be made you

Emil. Ar
Is like an En
In a soft shea
Are bedfello
Has a most m
Is grav'd, and
Yet sometime
The quality
Will dwell up
Becomes him
But *Palamon*
So mingled, a
And sadnes, n
Sticke misbec
Live in faire d

Harken how yo
The Princes to
And yet may
The spoyling
Enough for su
I might doe b